

The horrid Popish PLOT

HAPPILY DISCOVER'D:

O R,

The-English Protestants Remembrancer.

A P O E M on the Never-to-be-forgotten

POWDER-TREASON,

And late Burning of several Cart-loads of Popish Books at the *Royal Exchange*.

Welcome blest day! that happily didst save
Our Church and Nation from a threatned Grave:
A Day! must never Marks of Honour want,
Whilst there survives one grateful Protestant;
But in our Calendar shall stand inrol'd,
Through every Age, with Characters of Gold.
As once proud Haman with a curs'd Decree,
Had sign'd God's peoples General Destinie,
So cruel Factors now of Hell and ROME,
Resolv'd on England's universal Doom.
But Heaven's bright Eye Reveald the Hellish PLOT,
Which had it prosper'd, boldly might have shot
At the Celestial Throne, put out the Sun,
And made the World back to its Chaos run.
Though deep as Hell they laid the Black Designe,
Fate blasts their Projects with a Countermine:
And then the desperate Undertakers be,
Like Haman, sentenc'd to the fatal Tree. }
Thus Pharaoh perish'd, Israel scap'd free. }
And shall such Mercies ever be forgot?
No, no,---Were we so thankless, they would not
Permit it; whose new Treasons still we see,
Revive their Old ones to our Memory.
The Cockatrice on the same Eggs doth brood;
Rebellion's Venome is their natural Food.
Rome's Founder by a Wolf ('tis said) was nurs'd,
And with his Brother's blood her Walls at first
He cemented: whence ever since we finde
Her Off spring of a Ravenous, Bloody kinde.
Long since with Temporal Arms, and Flags unfurl'd,
She Tyranny o're Conquer'd Nations hurl'd; }
And now with spiritual Thraldom grasps the World. }
Sooner the *Aethiop* may blanch his skin,
And Devils cease from tempting Men to sin;
Sooner shall Darknes dwell in the Suns beams,
And Tybur mix with our Thames purer Streams,
Than the lye Jesuit his old Arts will leave,
Or curst Nets of Treason cease to weave.

But now behold! methinks a gallant Sight,
Doctrines of Darknes yonder brought to light:
Boonfires in Earnest! where Rome's Pamphlets fry,
And Popish Authors pass their Purgat'ry.
Unto the Fire their Books most justly came,
Which first were wrote to set us in a Flame.

As in the Air the burning Papers flew,
We might, in Emblem, that Religion view:
Which makes a while a glorious glittering Blaze,
And with gay Pomp inviteth Fools to gaze;
Pretends directly towards Heav'n to fly
On Wings of flaming Love and Charity:
But wait a while, approach a little nigher,
Its Glory fades, grows faint, and does Expire.
What at first view appear'd so warm and bright,
Like painted Fires, yields neither Heat, nor Light,
But Gross and Earthly down it comes again,
And with its Blackness, where't doth touch, doth stain.

Was it for this the Monk in his dark Cell,
With Nitrous Earth, and Brimstone stoln from Hell,
First compos'd Gun-powder, that it might be
The future Engine of their Butchery?
At one sad stroke to Massacre a Land,
And make them fall, whom Heaven ordain'd to stand?
Or could the bold, but silly Traitors hope,
Great Britain e're would Truckle to the Pope?
Erect and Lofty still her Genius stands,
And defies all their Heads, and all their Hands.
Nor shall their Strength or Policy e're reach
Our Ruine, if our Crimes ope not the Breach.
Still we are late, till our Transgression merits
The dreadful Reformation from such spirits.
They dig in vain, nor need our Nation fear
Dark Lanthorns, whilst Gods Candlesticks are here.
"The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,
"Until our Sins are of a Scarlet Die.

Lord! may they never to that Bulk proceed,
Nor fester so within, that we should need
Italian Horse-leeches to make us Bleed. }
May Reviv'd London never more become
The Priests Burnt-offering to Insulting Rome.
With Guarding Mercies still our Sovereign tender,
And be thou His, as He's thy Faiths Defender.

F I N I S.

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